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WEE SONS OF TOIL

Howard Fielding Discusses
Midget Toilers.

WE ALL MAY QUIT WORK SOON

Is a Hope that Inspires Him After
Witnessing a New York Theater
Performance.

Recent investigations have led me to believe that if ever the labor problem is solved completely and satisfactorily, we shall have the American dramatist to thank for it. It will be harder to thank him, and to leave the original author to the approval of his own conscience. The original author is probably in France or Germany or Heaven or some other place where our chances of meeting him are small. But in looking for the American dramatist whose name appears on the posters, we shall not en-



THE STAGE MILLIONAIRE.

counter any of these difficulties, and it is at his feet, therefore, that we will lay the tribute of our gratitude.

These thoughts came to me, one evening last week, as I sat in an orchestra chair, and witnessed one of our brilliant New York successes. We owe much to the drama. But for it we might go on from day to day, seeing but one side of life. The drama shows us the other side. There are women in nearly all our large cities to-day who black the heels of their shoes, though they never would have thought of it if they had not noticed how some of our actresses look when their backs are turned to the audience. Thus the poor actress who has made up with the aid of a "flicker" and a six-by-nine mirror performs a genuine service for humanity.

But the labor drama is the real engine of reform. It shows us the millionaire in a way to stifle the promptings of envy. Previous to this evening at the theater my idea of a millionaire had been based upon the appearance of an old fellow who haunts the bank where I cash those checks which meagerly support my precarious existence. The man ahead of me at the little window always pulls out about five thousand dollars and goes away happy with both hands full of money. Providence arranges it this way so that I may not be puffed up with a feeling of wealth on receiving eleven dollars and twenty-nine cents. Then, just as I am tucking it away in an obscure corner of my garments, the millionaire appears. He comes out of the private office, rubbing his hands and smiling with serene content. He is a little old fellow with silken gray side whiskers in which the radiance of his smile gets entangled so that they glitter like the halo round an angel. I never saw a shadow cross his countenance. His happiness is so simple and childlike and natural that, though it insults my penury, I can find it in my heart to forgive him.

The stage millionaire, on the contrary, wears a cast-iron grin which might have been made in the foundry of which we were informed that he was the proprietor. We soon learned that he was trembling on the verge of ruin, so that he had to mortgage his foundry in order to give his daughter a simple birthday present of a few thousand dollars' worth of jewelry. This may have appeared an extravagance to some, but I thought it wise. The necessities of the drama were bound to ruin him, anyway, so he did well to get his money's worth in the first act.

But aside from the perplexities of business, riches seemed to bring no comfort. I noticed that his dress suit did not fit him, and that his high standing collar was slowly but remorselessly cutting his throat. On the other hand, the hero, though a son of toil, was able



"THE MAN AHEAD OF ME."

to afford custom-made clothes and a shirt which did not hitch up in the neck.

By and by we learned why the millionaire was not happy: We were introduced to his wife. It was his business to make money, and hers to "blow it," and she attended to her part of it much better than he did his. In other respects, too, she was drawn with commendable fidelity to nature, and if the proprietors of the stage had enabled the author to show her in the act of searching the millionaire's pockets for change, little would have been left to be desired. Then the daughter of this interesting couple appeared and began to be disagreeable almost immediately. Such a picture of the home life of the millionaire goes far to make us contented with our honest poverty. But I will not, all the same, that the jovial little Croesus whom I met in the bank smiles even merrier through his shining whiskers when he is at his own fire-

We perceived very soon that the struggling hero had the luck which is better than great riches. The millionaire's disagreeable daughter scorned his love, and thus made him a subject for the congratulations of his friends. He took this refusal, and went back to his cage, where he toiled twenty-four hours a day as a penance for having made such a fool of himself. The millionaire's daughter then accepted the villain, which seemed rather rough on him, as he was a good enough sort of a fellow after all. Her father gave this unfortunate young man half the iron foundry as an offset to the daughter's disposition, which was no more than fair.

In the next act we discover the hero groaning between the grinding wheels of toil. The important feature of this act was a dialogue between a spokesman of the workmen and the millionaire, in which the foreman has much the better of it. He presented unanswerable arguments to show that the workmen owned the foundry, and permitted the millionaire to run it only because he couldn't make his living at any other job. The pampered aristocrat endeavored to excuse himself for being wealthy, but made a very bad mess of it. He then confessed frankly that he was on the verge of bankruptcy and that, in the game they were playing, one strike would put him out. The strike was called on him, however, despite his prayers.

Incidentally, too, we got some information about the scale of wages at the foundry. We learned that three dollars a week was considered about right for the poor working girls, and that some of them thought it wasn't enough. They were disposed to unite with the men in a demand for a fifteen per cent. advance.

The next act being the last, presented the dramatists with the problem how to make almost everybody happy. This was easy enough in the case of the villain. It was necessary only to make the millionaire's daughter break her engagement, for that would evidently satisfy him if he were a reasonable man. As to the hero, it is discovered that he is the real owner of the patent which has been the principal source of income to the iron foundry. In real life this would have afforded him but little satisfaction; he would have brought suit, and it would have been appealed and appealed again till everyone from Jerry Dunn to the United States supreme court had refereed the fight, at the end of which time the millionaire would have doubled his fortune and got out of the business, and the inventor would have starved to death. But, in the play,



"I NEVER SAW A SHADOW CROSS HIS COUNTENANCE."

the pliant man of wealth surrendered the letters patent, and threw his daughter into the bargain.

And, as for the work people at the foundry, their joy was made full. They got an advance of fifteen per cent. The dramatist did not think it necessary to enumerate the luxuries which those happy, happy girls could enjoy by means of this increase in their wages. Instead of \$3 they would receive no less than \$3.45. With good, wholesome board at \$6 per week, they would have a deficit of \$2.55 from which to clothe themselves and indulge in those harmless extravagances which are so dear to youth.

Contrast their joy with the sorrow and remorse which filled the soul of the millionaire. Picture them returning to their gentle tasks with the knowledge that a sum had been added to their wealth which would amount to almost \$100 apiece in the course of four years.

Ah, these labor plays! Put enough of them before the public and in a few years there will be no one so foolish as to be a capitalist. Then, with nobody to dock us if we stay away from work, we shall have that boundless leisure for higher pursuits which is now the exclusive blessing of the Fifth Avenue swell. In that day we may attain his intellectual level—yes, and pass it till we know as much as the bow-legged English bull pup which the swell leads by a chain. And then we will not forget the dramatist who has sacrificed his time, his labor, and even in some cases his conscience to the interests of his fellow men.

HOWARD FIELDING.

Working for Perfection.

A friend called one day upon Michael Angelo, and reproached him for the small amount of work accomplished since his last visit.

"You have done nothing! You have been idle since I saw you!" cried he.

"Not at all," said the sculptor. "I have retouched this part, and polished up that. I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle. I have given more expression to this lip, and a little more energy to this limb."

"But what do such trifles amount to?" asked his friend. "They are nothing."

"Altogether they amount to perfection," answered Angelo. "And perfection is not a trifle."—Harper's Young People.

The Should Be More Careful.

Mrs. Moddergrass—Oh, Nathan, I've run a big nail into my foot!

Farmer Moddergrass—There you go again! And nails four and a half cents a pound, too!—Judge.

What Our Doctors Cook.

Last year there was spent in this country, for tea, the sum of \$30,000,000; for coffee, \$15,000,000; and for milk and various beverages, \$20,000,000.

SEX IN OUR MORALS

Octave Thanet Discusses Different
Ideas of Morality

NOW HELD BY MEN AND WOMEN

The Difference Is One of Education, But
Women Are Naturally More
Faithful Than Men.

Any one that has reached what are euphemistically termed the years of discretion, must have noticed how different is the feminine and masculine point of view in morals. To look on the two sides of one adjective, honest: an honest woman is a woman who is faithful to her marriage vow; an honest man is a man who can be trusted with other people's money and his own word. The honest woman sometimes tells lies, an honest man is sometimes false to his wife.

Certain virtues have come to be the necessary furniture of women's minds; just as certain other virtues have come to belong especially to men.

There is no blinking it; in some important respects, the average "good woman" is inferior to the average "good man;" in fact, a man making no pretensions to saintliness will recoil from a turpitude in politics or finance that does not stir a hair of his good wife's head. It is shocking, if one looks at the matter dispassionately, to view how women charge down on any moral obstacle in the way of what they believe a moral change for the better; and, commonly, that social plan, that legislation commends itself to them as best, which will promise the most recklessly.

Everybody will recall Mrs. Howe's bank. But did the credulity of her dupes exceed so greatly that of the women politicians who expect laws to enforce themselves, or of the women philanthropists who expect to make all men thrifty and virtuous by abolishing the punishment of improvidence and vice? Women's notions of citizenship are crude and meagre, as might be expected.

I know of a man of brilliant gifts, with a great future before him, who was ignominiously pushed from public life, because he could not explain charges of bribery, really (his friends believe to this day) belonging to his wife, and not to be completely refuted, unless he implicated her. He was quite ignorant of the whole business, until the thunderbolt fell.

This wife was as false to her husband as it was possible to be. She ruined his career, she smirched his life. Yet, in the usual sense of the word, she, though a young, beautiful, and admired woman, was absolutely faithful to him.

I doubt whether she ever realized that she had done anything odious and wicked. She was bitterly grieved and mortified, of course; but it was for the result, not for her own crime—which, to be sure, she never called by that name.

Consider, also, for a moment, with what ease women condense public offenses in their husbands, especially if such moral obliquity makes them prosperous. Women with the medieval virtues, who would go to the stake for their religion, who keep their marriage vow immaculately, will be the happy and contented wives of politicians that deserve the gallows. Now, a virtuous man could not be happy with an accomplished robber for his wife, no matter how confident he might feel that she would outwit the constable! But a virtuous woman quiets her conscience by not knowing anything about business, or by the assurance that the newspapers tell lies.

And who doesn't know the good woman that is a republican because her husband owns a woolen mill, and her equally good neighbor that is a democrat because she paid fifty cents a yard more for her new gown?

Considerations like these have a right to influence people, but do they have all the rights?

Is the welfare of the odd sixty millions of her countrymen set to be reckoned in the matter by the good woman who prays every Sunday, in one form or another, for "all sorts and conditions of men?"

Most of this narrowness comes simply from ignorance. Women are petty and selfishness, if it doesn't room in the same house, because their minds have been chained to petty things. Women are dishonest, because of all the virtues honor has the least commerce with the affections; and the affections in women have been put under a kind of Strasbourg goose-liver treatment for two thousand years.

By consequence, whatever virtues depend on the affections, those virtues are faithfully cultivated by women. So far as those virtues go, they are better than men. They do not even feel certain of the more boisterous temptations. Few men, also, can bear pain with a woman's fortitude. Men generally are not so unselfish as women.

On the other hand, magnanimity is a masculine rather than a feminine virtue. There are women that are large-minded. There are women that are honorable. So there are women that can be generous and even (harder and rarer virtue) just to their enemies. I only speak for the majority.

As to courage, women are supposed to be braver morally than men, and men physically braver than women; but as one reflects on the abject terror in which most good women live, of what the mysterious they will say; and on the coolness that women usually show in peril, when the railway train plunges into horrors, like the recent accident on the Old Colony road, or the vessel burns on the water, like the destruction of the Mississippi steamer, where the colored stewardess was the most efficient hero on board, or during hideous seasons of pestilence, like the yellow fever summer, in Memphis, when the delicately reared gentlewomen of the Protestant sisterhood were nurses, cooks, washerwomen, and charwomen for white and black sufferers, living or dying with the same unflinching cheerfulness and courage—as one reflects on these things one is tempted to conclude that it is very even guessing in regard to the comparative merits of the sexes in either kind of courage.

In simple devotion to duty, independent of the domestic affections or the religious emotions, men are superior to women. Very typical as well as noble is the

story of the staunch old Puritan, Abraham Davenport, praised by Whittier, who on that strange day when the sun was darkened at midday, and all his fellow-legislators trembled and were for praying, rose to declare that whether day of judgment or not, the Lord should find him in his place, doing his duty; and moved, therefore, that they bring in the candles and proceed with the business before them—namely, "An act to amend an act to regulate the shade and alewife fisheries."

It is easier now—I do not say that it will be easier a hundred years hence—to imagine a man behaving in this Roman fashion than to imagine a woman.

How many men, also, devote their lives to some science where the material rewards, wealth or fame, are far below what is promised them elsewhere. And don't we all know what their wives think of their choice?

Far better women than Rosamond Lydgate have sailed and wheeled and swept their husbands away from unprofitable researches that could only help other people's suffering.

"My dear," says the doctor's wife, "if you do discover that nasty germ you spend so much time over, will they pay you anything?"

"No, certainly not!"

"Then I don't see why you want to find it."

"But it may save thousands of lives."

"Well, anyhow, I think some man without a family to support ought to hunt for it."

Is such a dialogue untrue to life?

And may not the doctor's wife have her needle sticking in some frock for a poor child at the same time?

Do you suppose that Mrs. Hunter had any particular enthusiasm about the great Dr. John's anatomical researches? I fancy, sometimes, she wished that famous private museum at the bottom of the Thames.

But so far as a woman understands duty, she is no less faithful than a man. Woman martyrs have been as brave as the men, from the pagan emperors to the days when English Catholics burned the Protestants and English Protestants hung the Catholics and flogged the Quakers.

There is no need to speak of domestic life, where there may always be found saints who know nothing of their own halos, and uncrowned martyrs who smile in their pain:

"There will come a weary day
When overcome at length,
Both love and faith beneath
The weight give way.
Then with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
Patience, nothing loath,
And uncomplaining, doth
The work of both."

And patience is always symbolized by a woman.

Women in general, among civilized peoples, are less frank than men, even when they are not less truthful. For the same reason the negroes and weaker races the world over lie as soon as they are able to talk. "The strong man may lie," says the cruel old Indian proverb, "the weak man must!"

There is an ascetic and hysterical type of religion that may be called essentially feminine; pure but cruelly narrow, gentle but intolerant. Ecclesiastical life, whether they have worn the coarse frock of the monk, the surplice of the Anglican, or the Puritan black gown have all had the same consuming ardor of devotion, the same self-abnegation, the same superstition and the same bigotry.

Indeed, all the so-called female immoralities and weaknesses are duplicated in weak or ignorant men.

Moreover, it is to be observed that masculine and feminine standards of morality have steadily approached. Men at least assume a decorum today, which once—let us say in our grandfathers' day—belonged to women only. And women have notions of honor and honesty continually expanding. Already there is a slight archaic flavor about the very definition that I have used, that of an honest woman. Steadily, honesty is growing to be the same word for both. There is a large (and ever-increasing) class of women today who, without relaxing the requirements of the conventional standard of feminine virtue, add to them the effort to "see things truly and to see them whole," who are in consequence as tolerant, honorable, honest and fair-minded as men; yet remain simple, gentle and unselfish.

The changed feminine ideal is reflected in our literature. How changed it is one can see by a single instance. Take the case of a woman's betrothal. Something immodest and disgraceful attaches to a clandestine love affair, in our eyes; but half our grandmothers' romances turn on the love passages between the noble but poor lover, and the daughter of a proud parent who forbids the noble but poor to speak to her, or on the secret marriage between the beautiful but poor maiden and the heir of a lordly house who dares not wed her openly. Both these estimable young ladies mortify and deceive and desert their parents with singular calmness. But the wedding-ring held up at the end is supposed to reconcile all the moralities, and the curtain always descends on the grand tableau: "Virtue triumphant!" "Bless you my children!"

Once the best authors could do this; now it is left to the sensational school and the Family Herald. A woman has some other moral duties than to count the world well lost for love. She is not expected to lie and truckle and be cruel to please the man she loves. She is even allowed to say to him, as he has said to her: "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more."

How long and far the journey that woman's morality has traveled appears when one considers these things.

The natural conclusion from it all is, that there is less difference than would appear in the sum totals of morality, masculine and feminine, and that the differences in detail are rather the result of education and circumstance than omnipotent, undesirable nature. Therefore for more reason than that we all men to women and women to men, should follow the apostle's commandment and be "kindly affectioned one to another, in honor preferring one another, forgiving one another."

OCTAVE THANET.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

The New York Coffee Room after this date will be open from 7 a. m. to 12 p. m.; Sundays from 7 a. m. to 12 p. m.

No. 61 Pearl Street.

RENTS AS THEY ARE

Colossal Sums Realized from
New York Buildings.

SOME OF THE MOST PROFITABLE

The Mills Building the Best Paying Office
Structure in New York—The Equi-
table's 845 Rooms.

The income from 140 office buildings in New York city, comprising, of course, all of the largest and a considerable number, if not all, of the downtown buildings constructed solely for office purposes, is said to be from \$8,000,000 to \$10,000,000 annually.

With this statement one of the leading real estate men of New York introduced his remarks to me on the subject of incomes of large buildings.

"When a capitalist starts out to put up an immense office structure he is going to figure to secure at least 5 per cent. on his investment," he continued.

"With this in view he buys his land as near to the office seeking community as possible, and then puts up a building which will net him at least \$2 a square foot of occupied room per year, and if possible as high as \$3 and \$4. There are few places in New York city where the rental income of any building is as high as this latter figure. At the corner of Wall and Broad streets, along Wall street and within a radius of a block or two of that section, it is generally believed that the income is as high as \$4 a foot. In fact, the bulk of the income from office buildings on Broadway does not equal the income of the comparatively few big buildings on Wall and Broad streets."

Real estate men credit the Mills building with making more money for its owner than any single structure in the city, not excepting the Equitable building with its 845 rooms. The net income from the Mills building is placed at \$150,000 a year, while the total structure, with the land upon which it stands, cost something like \$2,500,000. This means a net income on the capital invested of 6 per cent. It is in this building that ex-President Grover Cleveland occupies a suite of rooms for which he pays something like \$2,000 a year. The offices occupied by William M. Evans bring still more than that, while ex-Secretary Whitney and Dan Lamont pay \$4,000 on the fourth floor of that building for a very small suite of rooms.

The largest office building in the country is, of course, the Equitable, on Broadway. It covers an area of nearly an acre and the central tower rises to a height of 173 feet from the ground. The building occupies an entire block with the exception of the Nassau street corner. It has a frontage on Broadway of 167 feet, 224 on Cedar, 224 on Pine, and 454 on Nassau.

The actual cost of construction has never been given out, but it was close to \$2,000,000. The income to the Equitable Life Insurance Company, above and beyond all expenses, is said to be in the neighborhood of \$300,000. Conservative real estate men figure that this is perhaps 4 per cent. on the present valuation of the building and ground.

Next to the Mills building, in point of income from investment, comes that owned by Mrs. Boreel, just opposite the Equitable, on Broadway. The land was bought when values were low, and the building was put up during the panic of 1873 and 1874, when material was at the lowest point in the history of the building trade of the last thirty years. The income of \$20,000 a year keeps its owner in spending money during her stay abroad.

The effort to put up a building in which the rental price is under \$2 a foot of actual space occupied has almost invariably met with failure. Such well-known real estate men as E. A. Cruikshank and Horace E. Ely say that it is simply impossible to run an office building with success financially, unless the rental is well above \$1.50 per year for every foot occupied.

Efforts are, of course, made to get at this desideratum by building as high



THE PROPOSED TWENTY-SIX STORY BUILDING AT THE FOOT OF BROADWAY.

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into the air as the law allows. With this end in view the twenty-six story building, which is to go up on lower Broadway, facing Battery place, and fronting also on Greenwich street, has been designed by Architect Blackberg. It is to be the largest business building in the world, and will also take first rank among the tall structures of both continents. From the top of the twenty-story main structure a great tower will lift its copper dome to



A RAILROAD OFFICE BUILDING.

an altitude of 350 feet above the street level. There will be over 1,000 offices on the twenty-six floors, all of which will be open to light and air. The tower is to be a useful adjunct, for it will contain offices on six floors. The total cost of the building will be \$4,000,000.

It is believed that the income of the building will be \$300,000, while the expenses of running it are estimated at \$30,000 annually, outside of taxes and insurance.

At present the highest office building in existence is the Pulitzer structure, which rises 375 feet above the level of the street. The total number of rooms in the building is 238, of which 79 are occupied by the World and the remainder are let for business purposes. It is said that the gross income, exclusive of the World department, is \$175,000 a year.

Among the latest buildings to go up is that of the Jersey Central on Liberty street, which is said to have an income of close to \$100,000 a year. Then there is the new office building on the corner of Broad and Beaver streets, owned by Mrs. John A. Morris, which is said to have a net income of over \$50,000. The Edison building on Broad street is another one of the new office buildings to go up in the search for safe investments.

Real estate men place the income of the Mechanics' Bank building, corner of William and Wall streets; of the Central Trust, on Hanover street; of the United States Trust Company, on Wall street, and of the Cotton exchange, at all the way from \$50,000 to \$100,000 annually.

Temple Court is one of the most successful office buildings in the United States. It is said to come next to the Equitable and Mills buildings in the



THE EDISON BUILDING.

gross income, although actual figures have never been given out.

It will interest the public to know what it costs to run a building like the Equitable, the Mills, the Pulitzer, the Times, the Tribune, the World or Temple Court. It will be remembered, perhaps, that ex-Alderman Cleary, when on the stand during the hoodlum trial, announced that his income as janitor of the Equitable building was over \$7,000 a year. In other words, Mr. Cleary, who is still the janitor, is given a fixed sum for running the help in the building, and makes, or rather made, as much as he could out of the arrangement. The salary of the janitor in the Equitable building is said to be something like \$2,000 a year. Under him are two assistants and three firemen. There are ten elevators in the building and the cost of running these is placed at \$5,000 a year. The water bill in the Equitable is watered to average over \$1,000 a year, while the consumption of coal, water, etc., covers the lighting expense, is over 3,000 tons per year. Thus figuring up these heavy expenses, together with the ordinary help in the building, such as coat women and sweepers, overmen, etc., the total expense will be found to be not short of \$30,000 a year.

In the Aldrich buildings, on Broadway, the expenses are placed at about \$12,000 for each of the structures. In Aldrich court there are 375 rooms and in the corner building 330. The water bill for these buildings last year was \$40, while the consumption of coal was about 300 tons.

DAVID WEINBER.

Was said.
A certain well-known truth has perhaps never been more neatly and pointedly expressed than in the following instance, reported in Harper's Magazine: A youthful Harvard graduate was arguing with a hard-headed, self-taught man of business, and it is fair to suppose, was getting the worst of the argument. At all events, he was driven to saying:

"Now, as a matter of fact, you don't know half as much as I do."

"That's so," said the business man; "but then, so far as that is concerned, neither do you."

Pian's Remedy for Catarrh gives immediate relief, allays inflammation, restores taste and smell, heals the sore and cures the disease.